

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,  
And hetheroo doth loue on fortune tend,  
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Direcely seasons him his enemy.  
But orderly to end where I begunne,  
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,  
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,  
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,  
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,  
To desperation turne my trust and hope,  
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,  
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,  
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,  
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,  
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle  
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,  
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play? *Exeunt.*

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image  
of a murther done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife  
Baptista, you shall see ahone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what  
of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules; it touches vs not,  
et the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one Lu-  
cianus, Nephew to the King.

*Enter Lucianus.*

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue  
thy damnable faces and beging, come, the croking Rauens doth bel-  
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,  
Considerat season els no creature seeing,  
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,  
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzago,  
the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see  
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir and a Forrest of sea-  
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with prouinci-  
all Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cty of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh Damon deere

This Realme dimantled was

Of Ioue himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand  
pound. Didst perceauce?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

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Ham